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Dear *Permission to be Powerful* Reader,

My father's getting old now...

I think about the catastrophic mess he'll leave me to clean up.

Not the unpaid bills, the legal nightmares, the tangled wreckage of a life poorly lived—**but the damage that can't be measured in dollars.**

I think about his legacy of violence and abuse...

What the people closest to him will remember him for.

I see my sister's ruined life, and you can't convince me he had nothing to do with it.

My ongoing therapy bills?

A testament to his legacy.

Most people don't like to think about these things. They push them aside, pretend there's more time, **more chances to fix the mess they've made.**

But take a moment and ask yourself—**if you were gone tomorrow, what would people remember about you?**

And I mean *really* remember. Not the polite words they'd say at your funeral. Not the generic obituary.

But the **truth.**

The things they'd whisper behind closed doors.

The things they'd say when the priest wasn't listening.

Would they say good things?

Don't fucking lie.

There's no point in blowing smoke up your own ass.

No point in hiding from yourself.

Because if you can't face the answer to that question, you're already dead.

How You Die Shapes How You're Remembered

It's a brutal truth—**death rewrites everything.**

Some people are remembered **only for how they died.**

Gabby Petito? **She was a whole person before her murder.** But her name is now forever linked to **violence and tragedy.**

Robin Williams? Same thing.

Your last moment has the power to **erase a lifetime of effort... or redeem it.**

The People No One Mourns

There are some people whose death **feels like a relief** to everyone who knew them.

You know the type.

The parents who left nothing but pain behind.

The bullies who never outgrew their cruelty.

The manipulators, the cowards, the ones who went through life taking and never giving.

Those types of people tend to be full of shit.

They absolutely refuse to see that they represent negativity and pain.

In life, they keep telling themselves they're great.

Like the emperor with no clothes.

But their funeral is quiet. No one really cries. There's a sigh of relief—like the world just **exhaled**.

You don't want to be that person.

But what's even worse?

Being **forgotten entirely**.

Living such a lukewarm life that you vanish without a trace.

No impact. No mark. No legacy.

Just a handful of people half-heartedly reminiscing before moving on.

As if you were never here at all.

The people you leave behind will tell your story.

And the truth is...

You don't get to correct them.

So what story are they going to tell?

- **Will they remember your presence?**
- Or will they remember you always being *too busy*?
- **Will they remember your strength?**
- Or your excuses?
- **Will they remember your grit?**
- Or giving up before the fight even began?
- **Will they feel your absence?**

- Or will they move on lickety split?

Like you were never here...

Most people **waste their time.**

They waste their **chances to change.**

They assume they'll get **one more year. One more decade.**

But you don't know that.

☞ You could be hit by a bus tomorrow.

☞ You could die in a plane crash .

☞ A deadly car crash.

☞ From stage four cancer.

☞ From a senseless act of violence.

☞ A crime of opportunity.

☞ Or from an act of God.

It's going to happen sooner or later.

Time waits for no man.

No One Gets Out Alive

Every life ends in tragedy.

Every death is violent.

And when you go, all that's left are the **choices you made.**

Not the money.

Not the house.

Not the bullshit titles you collected like trophies.

Just **who you were.**

So ask yourself—**if you were gone tomorrow, would you be proud of the life you left behind?**

Or when you're at the pearly gates and your life flashes before your eyes...

When you finally face what you ran away from your whole life...

Will you hang your head in shame?

What will you regret?

Will words go unsaid?

I hope you live the kind of life that's so full...

There's no unfinished business.

When your time comes...

I hope you're fine with letting go.

I hope you never look back.

Don't die without living.

Most People Aren't Living. They're Waiting to Die.

You know what's worse than dying?

Wasting your life.

Waking up every morning in a daze...
Scrolling until your brain goes numb...
Doing work you don't care about for people you don't respect...
Lying to yourself about how "someday" it'll all make sense.

That's not living. That's **slow death**.

Most people don't die at 90.
They die at 30 and spend the next 60 years pretending they're fine.

They trade their spark for comfort.
Their truth for approval.
Their potential for a parking spot and a predictable paycheck.

And they wonder why they feel hollow.

They wonder why they drink too much.
Why they scroll until 2am.
Why their relationships feel like ghosts—there, but not alive.

We live in a world that rewards numbness.

Don't feel.
Don't question.
Just perform. Just smile. Just cope.

But every time you silence your instincts...

Every time you choose comfort over courage...

Every time you say "maybe later" instead of "now or never"...

You **shrink**.

And eventually, there's nothing left but a shadow.

You Don't Need a Near-Death Experience to Wake Up

I don't want you to wait until the cancer diagnosis.
Or the phone call.
Or the car crash.
Or the look in someone's eyes that says "I'm not coming back."

I want you to choose life now.

Not the Instagram version.
Not the 'optimized routine' version.
But the real, messy, present-tense, *holy shit this matters* version.

Because that's the only version that's real.

You can change.
Today.
Without warning.
Without permission.

You can pick up the phone and say what you need to say.
You can quit the thing that's killing you.
You can move. Cry. Shout. Dance. Start.

Not tomorrow.
Now.

Because one day, you *will* run out of time.

And I hope, when that day comes...

You don't feel cheated.
You don't feel small.
You don't feel like your life was one long compromise.

I hope you die *tired*.
Used up.
Wrung out from loving, creating, feeling, and risking it all.

I hope your story ends *mid-sentence* because you never slowed down long enough to write the ending.

That's how you make it count.

How to Start Living Like It Matters

You don't need a five-year plan.

You don't need a vision board or a gratitude journal.

You need a mirror.

And the guts to look into it and tell the truth.

Start there.

Because the truth is the only thing that cuts through the noise.

1. Stop negotiating with fear.

Fear's not going anywhere.

But neither are your excuses.

You think you're being practical?

You're being ruled.

By fear of embarrassment.

Fear of failure.

Fear of looking stupid.

Newsflash: you're going to die either way.

Might as well go out doing something bold.

2. Say the thing.

The apology.

The confession.

The truth you've been sitting on for years.

Say it.

Call your dad.

Tell your sister you love her.

Tell your ex you forgive them—or don't.

But **don't carry dead weight into the grave.**

3. Burn the fucking list.

You know the one.

The list of "shoulds."

The dream you buried under practicality.

The life you talked yourself out of living.

Light it on fire.

And ask yourself:

What would I do if I wasn't trying to be so goddamn reasonable?

4. Move your body.

You don't need a six-pack.

You need to remember you're alive.

Go for a run.

Dance until you sweat.

Cry in a parking lot.

Let the primal out.

You're not a machine.
You're not a profile picture.
You're a storm in human form.
Act like it.

5. Pick one person and love the hell out of them.

Stop saving your affection for the perfect moment.
There is no perfect moment.

Hug tighter.
Text back faster.
Look them in the eye and let your guard drop.

You don't need more time.
You need more presence.

6. Leave something behind.

A letter.
A song.
A single brave sentence that proves you were here.

Write the story only you can tell.

If it scares you, good.

The stuff that terrifies you is usually the stuff that sets you free.

Final Word

You don't need to do it all.
You just need to start.

Because your life is not a rehearsal.
It's the final performance.

And the curtain is coming down, whether you're ready or not.

Until next time,

A stylized, handwritten signature in black ink. The signature reads "Anton Volney". The "A" is large and sweeping, with a long horizontal stroke extending to the left. The "Volney" part is written in a cursive style, with a long horizontal stroke extending to the right. The signature is written over a background of several long, thin, parallel lines that create a sense of motion or a stage floor.

Dancer, Writer, Buddhist.



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